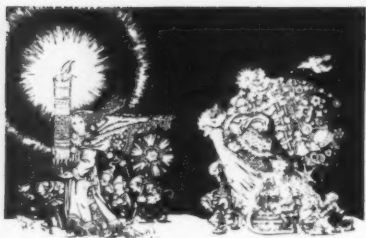


NEWS

American Junior Red Cross



DECEMBER • 1952



Christmas Eve ★

STORY OF OUR COVER

IT IS Christmas Eve. The night is dark. Only the silvery stars twinkling in the Christmas sky give light to the world below.

A little procession is seen moving along in the snow towards the Feast for the Christ Child. A heavenly light bearer, wearing a holiday cloak bordered with snow stars, leads the way. High above her head she holds the new light of a tall candle, as a symbol of the birth of the Christ Child.

Small creatures, little women of the woods and tiny dwarfs, have come out from their homes in roots and grottoes to bring happiness to men and beasts. They follow close to the light bearer, as they pay honor to the Christ Child with the pealing of large bells and the tinkling of little bells.

Then comes the good old Christmas Man with his long beard. He is bent under the burden of his years and the weight of the gifts on his back. He carries gifts for all, playthings for the children, gay-colored chains and balls, decorations for the Christmas tree, sweet things to eat.

The little people help the Christmas Man. They pull and push his sleigh through the deep snow. One keeps the gifts of the dwarfs, a wee Christmas tree, firmly on the sleigh. It is intended for a little old lady who lives all alone at the edge of town.

A second little creature has made himself comfortable in the hamper that holds the Christmas balls. He sees to it that the raven gets into no mischief with them!

Like the dwarfs, field mice and squirrels and rabbits have left their winter quarters, too, to join the Christmas Man and the light bearer. One clever little mouse rides along in the runner of the sleigh, which is pushed by the dwarfs.

So the little procession moves on in the dark winter night, pulling its gifts through ice and snow. Light and joy will thus be brought to all mankind of goodwill, in the spirit of Him who was born in a stable in Bethlehem.



This is the story of our cover as told by the artist, Sulamith Wulfig. Mrs. Wulfig has lived most of her life in Wuppertal-Elberfeld, Germany. She is famous all over Germany for the exquisite detail in her drawings, for her delicate use of color, and for her sensitive interpretations. The NEWS takes pride in presenting such an outstanding artist as Sulamith Wulfig.



Ourselves and Others

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Sing hey! Sing hey!

For Christmas Day;

Twine mistletoe and holly,

For friendship glows

In winter snows,

And so let's all be jolly.



Author unknown

More than just a day

CHRISTMAS is really more than just one day. The fact is, it is practically the whole month of December and into the first week of January. The date you celebrate depends upon what your customs are or where you live. The spirit of giving and goodwill is always the same, no matter what date you keep.

We celebrate

Throughout the Christian world, Christmas Day is celebrated as the birthday of the Christ Child. Gifts and goodwill go with this day in keeping with God's gift of his son to the world.

The Jewish people celebrate Hanukkah, or the Festival of Lights. This festival commemorates the bravery of Judas Maccabeus when he rescued the Temple from the Syrians, and rededicated it in 165 B.C. This year Hanukkah is celebrated for eight days beginning December 12.

Children in other countries have special days for celebrating, too. German children, for instance, watch for St. Nicholas and his companions to bring them gifts on December 6. Swedish children begin celebrating on St. Lucia Day, 12 days before Christmas. In many South American countries, Christmas gifts are exchanged on January 6. This date is known as Epiphany or Twelfth Night. It was supposed to have been the time when the Three Wise Men brought their gifts to the Christ Child.

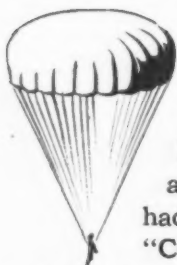
Christmas manners

A well-mannered person is simply one who puts the feelings of others above his own. And Christmas is surely a time for doing just that. That's why we try to give gifts that will please the people who receive them. And why we try to think of all the kind things we can do to make others happy.

But perhaps the real test of Christmas good manners is the way a person shows appreciation for what others have done for him. Say "Thank you" as though you really meant it, and of course write your thank-you notes promptly.

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.

NEWS
American Junior Red Cross



ANNIE and Tommy Osceola, and their little brother Charlie, were going to look for persimmons in the Florida Everglades. When they had awakened that morning, they had shivered with the cold.

"Cold enough to turn the persimmons ripe and bright!" laughed Tommy Osceola (pronounced Os-see-o-la).

"Yummy!" said Annie Osceola.

"Yum yum!" giggled Charlie Osceola, who tried very hard to be just like big brother Tommy and big sister Annie.

So after breakfast the three Seminole Indian children started out to gather juicy, orangey-red persimmons.

As they left their camp, their grandfather, Allapataw, called to them, "Watch out for alligators!" He always told the children that whenever they went out because Allapataw means "alligator" in the Seminole Indian language.

"Watch out for tigers!" laughed their father, Coacochee. (His name, Cō-a-cō-chee, means "tiger.")

"Don't run too fast and get overheated!" smiled their mother, Mis-Kee. (Mis-Kee means "summer.")

The children waved good-by and walked carefully along the waterway. They laughed gaily because they knew mother and father and grandfather were joking. They weren't going very far. Just far enough to gather persimmons!

But they didn't go even that far! They hardly went any distance at all. Here is why:

Annie was the first to see "it." She stopped and stared. Tommy stared so hard his mouth fell open.

Charlie pointed with one brown finger and cried, "A man! An American airplane man!" Then he whispered, "Is he dead?"

For there, lying face down in the sawgrass was a pilot! His pilot's suit had been ripped and torn by the sharp sawgrass. His face was cut and bleeding. His eyes were closed.

4



Christmas

ROSE LEION

Illustrated by
Janet Smalley

"Where is his airplane?" asked Charlie.

"It must have crashed somewhere in the Everglades," said Tommy. "He looks like he has walked a long way."

"We must help him," said Annie. "Charlie, run back and tell father and grandfather to come quickly!"

Annie dipped the hem of her long, full skirt in the waterway. Then she sat down beside the unconscious flyer and placed the wet hem on his forehead.



Comes to the Everglades •

Tommy rubbed the man's hands gently. Slowly the man stirred. He opened his eyes. When he saw the two children, he smiled and closed his eyes again.

"He knows he is safe now!" whispered Annie.

Just then, Charlie returned with Coacochee and Allapataw. They carried the pilot back to their camp.

"He is not hurt badly, he must have parachuted down," said Coacochee.

"That's right!" said the American in a weary voice.

"Do not talk," said Allapataw soothingly, "you are exhausted from your long walk through the Everglades. We will take care of you."

Mis-Kee gave the American water and food. Then he slept a long, long time—until the next morning.

"Thank you for your kindness," he told the Seminoles. "You have always taken good care of all flyers forced down in the Everglades. I think we Americans should show our gratitude in a special way."

"We are friends," said Coacochee, "that is gratitude enough!"

The flyer, whose name was James Jones, turned to the children. "I've just had an idea! It is so near Christmas, perhaps Santa Claus would help me show my gratitude!"

The children's eyes sparkled. They had heard about Christmas and Santa Claus, but they had never seen him!

But Allapataw said, "Santa Claus would find it too hard to drive his sleigh through the Everglades. The sawgrass is tall and sharp, and would scratch his reindeer too much, like it scratched you!"

"Perhaps I can lend Santa one of our planes!" laughed James Jones.

All the Seminoles in the camp walked with James Jones to the main highway where he caught a bus back to the airport.

"Do you think he will really send Santa Claus here?" asked the children.

"We must not expect it," said all the Seminole mothers and fathers. "After all, Santa is a very busy man, and we are only a small group of people living deep in the Florida Everglades!"

"When will Santa Claus come?" asked Charlie that night while Allapataw was tucking him in next to Tommy.

"Well, Christmas comes in 2 weeks, but do not worry. Whether Santa comes or not, we will have a nice party anyway," said Allapataw.

"But I would like toys and good things

to eat like the American children have at Christmas time!" said Charlie.

About 2 weeks later, Annie and Tommy and Charlie were busy helping Mis-Kee with the washing. Now they were finished and were tossing clean wet clothes over the smooth branches of the drying tree.

Suddenly there was a roaring in the sky.

"Look!" cried Charlie, "an airplane!"

"So what!" said Tommy. "Airplanes fly over us almost every day." But even as he said it, his heart beat faster. For Tommy could see this was a helicopter—a plane that could land almost anywhere. And why would a helicopter fly around here unless it planned to land?

Everyone in the camp came running. Sure enough, the helicopter was settling in the large clearing right in the center of the camp! Before it even landed, everyone could see the pilot wore a bright red suit with white trimming. And he had a long white beard!

"It is Santa Claus!" cried the children.

"Why, he looks like James Jones or maybe his brother!" cried Tommy.

"Hi!" said Santa, and stepped out of the plane with a heavy sack on his back. "James Jones is a close relative of mine," he said, shaking hands with Tommy. Then everyone wanted to shake Santa's hand.

"How about the presents?" roared Santa. "Hink las!" cried everyone. (That means "good.")

All the children got a long, lumpy, fat stocking. They held them carefully, wondering whether it would be polite to open these funny stockings. They had never had Christmas stockings before!

As Santa got back in his plane, he shouted, "Well, what are you waiting for? Open your presents. I want to see your faces before I take off!"

In a second, every stocking was getting thinner and thinner as the children pulled their presents out.

"Blue jeans!" cried Tommy, holding up a spanking new pair.

There was more. Candy, cowboy shirts, dolls, whistles, and all sorts of things that all boys and girls like.

With a whirl and a roar, the helicopter started off.

"Matto! matto!" cried all the Seminoles, which means "thank you." They waved and waved their arms as the helicopter rose higher and higher in the air.

"Matto to you!" cried Santa Claus, who looked so much like James Jones, and he waved his hand too. "See you next year!" he shouted, and his voice sounded very far away, but very, very clear!



All the Seminoles waved good-by as the helicopter grew smaller and smaller.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

CATHARINE E. BARRY, associate curator,
Hayden Planetarium, New York City

Illustrated by Alice Fitzgerald

THERE ARE many wonderful legends told about Christmas and the Christmas star. But, year after year when the celebration is over, there is always the same question: *What was the Christmas star?*

According to the Bible story there was a star which shone on that night of nights. It led the wise men to the stable in Bethlehem where they found the Child wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in his manger-crib. Why, then, should the identity of this star be a mystery?

In ancient times everything in the sky was called a star. They had no telescopes and, therefore, could not tell one heavenly body from another. The wise men said, "For we have seen his star in the East," but we do not know just what they meant by that.

Let us review some of the things which might have been seen in the sky by the Magi and called the Christmas star or the star of Bethlehem.

One suggestion is that it might have been a bright meteor, known in those days as a "shooting star." The most brilliant ones are like great balls of fire sweeping across the sky. They are most spectacular and would have been accepted as a sign.

But their light usually lasts only a few

seconds. How, then, could the Magi have followed such a "star"?

Another suggestion has been a comet or "hairy star." A comet is a very awe-inspiring object in the night sky with its starlike head and long veil-like tail. However, to these uninformed people, a comet was an omen of evil and usually foretold the death of a king or the fall of an empire. Would the wise men, then, consider it as their sign?

About the time of the Christ Child's birth, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn were in conjunction. This means that these planets were passing each other as they traveled in their paths around the sun. But for some weeks they would have appeared stationary, forming a tiny triangle in the twilight sky.

This triangle would have been formed in the constellation of Pisces, the Fishes, the area of the sky known as the "house of the Hebrews" which was sacred to the Jewish people. It would be here that they would look for a sign meant especially for them.

This gathering of Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn in Pisces only takes place once in 800 years. Therefore, it would have been unfamiliar and definitely accepted as the sign telling of the birth of their newborn king.

Since the star is only mentioned four times in the Bible and each time with reference to the wise men, perhaps the Magi alone did see this triangle of planets whose combined light shone down as a miracle star.

There are many more astronomical possibilities. But of much greater importance than the explanation of the star is the Christmas story itself, telling of the long awaited coming of the Christ Child.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

FRANCES KIRKLAND

WHAT MAKES the Christmas star so bright?

Where does it get its silver light?

All the kind deeds throughout the year

Now help to make its beams more clear;

And all our pleasant words and smiles

Travel for miles and miles and miles,

Until they reach this lovely star

That in the East shines forth afar;

For kindness is the silver light

That makes the Christmas star so bright.

day he missed three problems in arithmetic. He felt crosser than ever when Miss Smith put the other boy's spelling up with the perfect papers. Eric wanted to like his new classmate but he couldn't, and he was angry with his friends because they did.

"There'll be lots of things to do when the holidays get here if it does snow," Bill told him.

Eric didn't say anything. Everywhere children stood in excited little groups talking. In the morning there were carols in the auditorium and in the afternoon the rooms held their parties.

Miss Smith fastened the clay jar in the doorway that opened into the cloakroom. The fourth graders drew numbers and when a number was called, the owner was blindfolded and allowed to strike at the piñata with a ruler.

The lucky one who broke the piñata was to pass out the gifts. Carlos had said that in Mexico everybody scrambled for the gifts, but the room committee decided it would be better to change the custom a little so everyone would be sure of having something from the piñata.

Mildred and Jim and Jane had had their

turns when Eric's number was called. Eric struck hard and straight. The clay jar burst and down came a shower of colored packages.

When Eric passed out the gifts, his classmates kept telling him how strong he was. Soon Eric found himself not being angry about the piñata any more.

By the time the party was over and the bell rang, the snowflakes were falling like big fluffy feathers.

"Look!" cried Carlos. He held out his hand to catch the flakes and looked so astonished when they melted in his fingers that his friends laughed. Carlos laughed, too. He put some of the snow in his mouth. That gave Bill an idea.

"Let's go to my house and get mother to make us some snow cream," he cried.

Jane and Carlos and the others went to Bill's house. Bill's mother caught clean snow in a bowl. While the snow was filling the bowl, she whipped some cream and added vanilla and sugar. Then she stirred it into the clean snow and the cream was made.

While the boys and girls waited, they spread their arms and fell in the snow,



The boys and girls spread their arms and fell in the snow, making angel shadows.

Eric gave Carlos a friendly pat on the back. "Shucks, Carlos," he said, "I'll be glad to teach you to skate!" ➤



making angel shadows. By the time the cream was finished, they were ready to come in and sit by the living-room fire and eat their treat.

"Snow is fun," said Carlos. "You can do so many things with it."

"Wait until tomorrow," Jim told him. "We'll get out our sleds and go coasting."

"I hope the lake in the park freezes," Ruth said, looking hopefully out the window. "Then there'll be skating."

"I don't know how to skate," Carlos said.

"Eric can teach you," Mildred told him.

"Eric's the best skater around here," Bill boasted.

"Will you, Eric?" Jane asked. "Carlos can use my skates."

The others looked at Eric. Now was the time to make things right about the top.

"I guess maybe it is my turn to help Carlos," Eric said. "I let my mother get his gift. Now I'll do something myself."

His face was red but no one seemed to notice. They all started talking about the snowman they would build in Jim's backyard after the coasting. Then Jane said it was time to go home. So they bundled into their wraps and collected their gifts. After they had thanked Bill's mother for the snow cream they started for home.

Eric and Carlos were the last to part. Carlos told Eric how happy he was that Eric was going to help him learn to skate.

"Shucks," Eric said. "It's nothing, nothing at all."

He could hear Carlos whistling as he hurried along the street. The tune was "Turkey in the Straw" and it sounded very funny because Carlos couldn't get the rhythm. That made Eric laugh.

Then Eric began to whistle. The tune was the one that Carlos had brought from Mexico and the rhythm was wrong, too, but Eric felt happy all over.

Christmas Wish

ELEANOR A. CHAFFEE

I WISH I had lived long ago
In Bethlehem that night;
I could have been the first to see
The star's fair, guiding light.

I could have helped to spread the straw
Upon the stable floor,
To run to show the three Wise Men
The way to find the door.

I could have taken as a gift
A toy to please the Child;
He might have held it in His hand,
Or looked at me and smiled.

I wish that I had been there then;
But since it cannot be,
I'll light a candle just to keep
His birthday's memory.

Be SMART and SAFE at Christmas

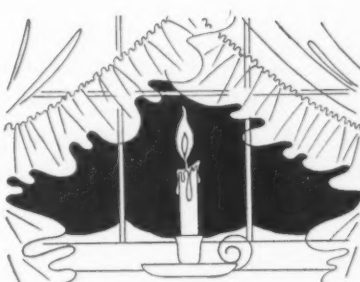
See how many of these puzzle pictures you can answer correctly. Cover up the answers below while you are guessing. Ask yourself whether or not each picture shows a safe practice.

Illustrations by

Jo Fisher Irwin



1. YES ☐ NO ☐



2. YES ☐ NO ☐



3. YES ☐ NO ☐



4. YES ☐ NO ☐



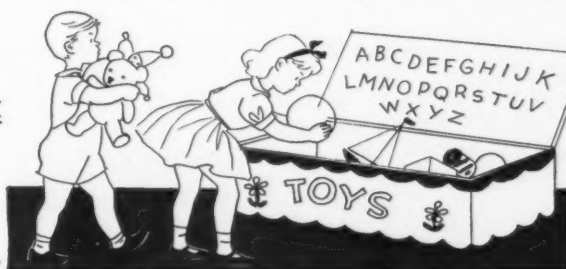
5. YES ☐ NO ☐



6. YES ☐ NO ☐



7. YES ☐ NO ☐



8. YES ☐ NO ☐

ANSWERS

1. YES, because the tree is away from heating units and has electric lights.
2. NO, a lighted candle in the window might set fire to the fluffy curtains.
3. NO, this child may have a bad fall if the books slip off the chair.

4. YES, a bucket of wet sand will help to fireproof the tree.
5. YES, wrappings should be put into a trash can where they won't catch fire.
6. NO, toys left on the stairs may cause a bad accident.
7. NO, the mother may step back and fall over the child.
8. YES, toys should be put away in a safe place.

Gift Boxes Bring



Your gift boxes for children in earthquake sections of El Salvador brought joy that was more wonderful than Christmas. . .

HAVE YOU ever felt the earth quake and tremble? If you haven't, you cannot imagine what it is like. I have thought of it as a twitch the earth gives itself, growling inside meanwhile, much as a sleeping dog will twitch his hide and mumble to himself.

Recently the earth of El Salvador shook itself very hard, little caring what happened topside. And what happened was terrible and sudden. Houses and buildings tumbled down all at once, not giving anyone a chance to run outside. Many people were killed

and many were injured. This happened in four towns all at the same time.

To make matters worse, another shaking came the following day in exactly the same area. Over 1,400 buildings were totally destroyed and several hundred were damaged.

National and local authorities, assisted by many Red Cross Societies all over the world, together with the Red Cross of El Salvador, set up a fine camp midway between the two towns most badly damaged to give shelter to the homeless families. Here many of them have lived ever since, while others have gone back to rebuild their shattered homes.

Schools have been started again in all four towns. Not all children can have an education, for many families are too poor to send their children to school. To have an education therefore is regarded very highly

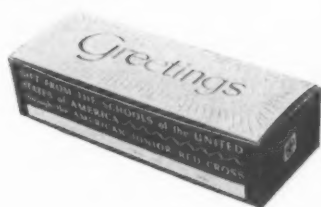


▲ Houses and buildings in El Salvador were tumbled down by the earthquake.



▲ It seemed like Christmas on the day the gift boxes were received.

Joy—



and going to school as a real privilege. When home and school are both gone it is a heavy blow indeed.

It was to six of these reorganized schools, in the towns of Nueva Guadalupe and Chinameca, and in the camp, that your wonderful gift boxes were distributed.

I shall always be grateful to Red Cross for the privilege of being present on this occasion. I wish I could share with all of you who pack a gift box the meaning of that box to its receiver. Many of these children have never before owned so much all at one time. Christmas was never more wonderful!

Distribution of the boxes took place in different ways. In several schools children remained in their classrooms and the boxes were brought to them. Excitement mounted as each box was received and opened.

In two of the schools the children stood

out-of-doors in quiet, patient lines, waiting silently until all boxes had been given out and all speeches made. Not one precious package was opened but all were hugged closely.

When permission was given, the boys and girls dashed to the yard and behaved as normal children do, chattering, laughing, comparing, running about excitedly—and finally hurrying home to show the family.

Gift boxes were also distributed in Jucaupa (pronounced *hoo-coo-ah'-pa*) and San Buenaventura with three of the women of the Red Cross assisting.

In all, 2,300 boxes were given out to the children of the *Área del Terremoto* (earthquake area) of El Salvador.

There were many promises of return letters in answer to your enclosures. I hope you will hear from these children.

Whether or not they write, I can say for them that your friendliness made them very happy indeed. Your gifts also helped bring them in touch with a part of the world they had not known before.



▲ "Just what I want!" this boy's smile seems to say as he opens his box.

About the author

HELEN S. LOENHOLDT, whom readers of the NEWS will remember as our art editor for many years before she moved to El Salvador, tells how she helped distribute AJRC gift boxes to children in the earthquake region of that country. The distribution was conducted by Dr. Vital Napoleon Osegueda of the Salvadorean Red Cross, and Mr. Fred G. Sigerist of the League of Red Cross Societies in Geneva, Switzerland.



★ ★ ★ HOW **Jumping Johnny**PLAYED SANTA CLAUS

A favorite story on Christmas Eve among the mountain folk is told by May Justus. . .

FOR MOST of the children who live on the far side of Little Twin Mountain, Christmas is the only real holiday in the year.

Of course there may be colored eggs at Easter, if the hens happen to be laying. At Thanksgiving there is always a program in school with speeches and several songs.

But it is only Christmas that the children of Little Twin claim as their own holiday. For then Old Santa Claus will come to visit each little log cabin, bringing gifts, a candy treat anyway.

If the weather is bad and the mountain

trails are snow-blocked and frozen over, many will start to wonder, and some are certain to say:

"Will Santa be able to get to us here on far-side of Little Twin Mountain?"

And someone is sure to answer: "If Old Santa can't get through, maybe he'll get Jumping Johnny to help him!"

Everyone on Little Twin Mountain knows about Jumping Johnny. They have all heard of the year when he played Santa Claus. For it is an old, old story told around cabin fires each Christmas Eve.

But first, you should know a little about Jumping Johnny himself.

His name was plain Johnny Jones but they called him Jumping Johnny all up and down No-End Hollow way and on Near-Side and Far.

There they still tell tall tales about Johnny Jones, remembered as Jumping Johnny, who lived in the Great Smoky Mountains many years ago.

When Johnny was only a perky, puckery-faced baby he made folks pay attention to him by the way he jumped about in the cradle his pappy had made for him out of a bee gum. He wasn't still for a minute. Even when he was asleep he kept jumping about till the cradle rocked this way and that all over the floor of the cabin.

One night he jumped so hard that he rocked himself right out on to the floor, and that's where his mammy found him early next morning.

They never put Johnny in his cradle any more. Right away his pappy made him a little bed with sides built up like a chicken pen.

"There! I reckon he won't fall out of



Illustrated by
Harry Goff

▲ One night Johnny jumped so hard that he rocked himself right out of his cradle.

that!" he said as he drove the last nail. "That ought to hold Jumping Johnny."

So the little boy got himself a new name. And he lived up to it, too. He kept right on jumping—up and down, up and down. The jumping made him strong, and soon he was able to jump out of his bed. One morning his mammy found him lying on the cabin floor kicking and jumping.

"You'll have to build up the sides of his bed," she told Pappy. And he did. But it wasn't very long till Johnny jumped out and landed on the floor again.

Then Pappy Jones had a notion. "Make him a pallet bed," he said. "Let him sleep on the floor."

And this is what his mammy did. So they solved the problem. But others soon came along.

As Johnny Jones became bigger he also became a better jumper. He practiced higher and higher leaps. Inside the house he would jump over stools and chairs and tables. Outdoors he would hurdle brush piles, rocks, and stumps.

It was all the game he liked to play. When the other boys came to see him and wanted to play run-sheep-run, or dodge ball, or dare base, Johnny would say, "Oh, that's no fun—let's have a jumping match."

A jumping match was fun for Johnny, all right—for nobody ever beat him. After he had won a few times, nobody stayed around very long. The boys went off to have a good time elsewhere playing games that gave them all a chance to win once in a while.

Johnny wasn't much good at any kind of work because of this jumping habit. One day his pappy set him to work hoeing out the cabbage patch. Soon Johnny started jumping over cabbage heads from one row to the other. He could manage two rows all right, but three were a little too much! Some of the cabbage got squashed. What happened when his pappy saw them, I'll leave you to imagine.

By the time Jumping Johnny was a young man he had the reputation of being

the very best jumper this side of Kingdom Come.

But he was known, too, as a do-less, good-for-nothing fellow, as far as real work was concerned. He couldn't be depended on in any kind of job, for right in the middle of it he'd be sure to jump off somewhere and leave the task half done.

Pretty soon no one would hire him at all. Jumping Johnny earned no money to buy himself food and clothes. So he went around looking like a lean scarecrow.

But he still went high-jumping all up and down No-End Hollow and Near-Side and Far. Not much account for anything—that was the honest opinion of anybody who had occasion to speak his mind.

Then came the year of the Big Blow. Just before Christmas there came a hard wind and on the wings of the storm rode a rain that turned to snow and sleet. For several days the sun never peered out of the sky. The whole mountainside and hollow was weatherbound.

No wonder folks began to get sick, here, there, and everywhere. There were hardly enough well people to look after their sick neighbors, to cook food, build fires, and give them homemade medicine. At that time the nearest doctor was in the county seat, Far Beyant, many mountain miles away.

Folks on Near-Side and Far and in No-End Hollow sent for a doctor only as a last resort.

"What a sad Christmas this will be!" everyone thought.

There would be no Christmas cheer in the little mountain cabins. No merry-making at play-parties, no Christmas joy.

The money which had been saved to buy gifts must go for medicine.

None of the children had any hopes of a visit from Santa Claus. A visit from a doctor seemed more needful now, and this, too, was beyond their hope.

The mountain slopes and hollow were dangerous to travel. The great wind had brought down trees to block all the usual

trails. No man or beast could travel these till they were cleared. So said everyone—everyone but Jumping Johnny.

"I can get to Far Beyant," he told them. "Reckon I can jump over most anything I find on my way."

They were all ready to encourage him.

"Good for you, Jumping Johnny!" He wasn't a do-less, good-for-nothing fellow, after all!

And some said, "Bless you for trying, anyhow."

They said more than this when he got back from Far Beyant with the doctor who declared that he had made a jumping journey, too! He visited all the sick folks in No-End Hollow and on all the ridges of Near-Side and Far.

Jumping Johnny went along with him, showing him how to get over the storm-cluttered trails that led to many cabin doors.

When the doctor went home to Far Beyant, he sent back by Jumping Johnny medicine to take around to all the sick folks. This was no little job, but Jumping Johnny did it. People were glad to see him come loping and leaping along with medicine to make them well.

"Hurrah for Jumping Johnny!" they were saying from their sick beds and around their cabin fires.

And Jumping Johnny brought other things, too, besides the medicine. Every pocket that he had was crammed with candy sticks. Yes, sir-ee, store-boughten, red-striped peppermint candy. The doctor hadn't sent this along. Oh, no indeed! Jumping Johnny had bought this candy with his own money. He had spent every penny he had to pay for it.

"The medicine will make the children well and able to eat the candy, come Christmas," said Jumping Johnny. "And then they will be well and happy, too."

A fine notion, everybody thought. A wonderful notion, thought the children.

"Jumping Johnny," they said, "is our Santa Claus!"



Saying "hello"

ARE THERE newcomers in your community? Perhaps a family of Displaced Persons has recently settled in your town. Through your JRC chairman, find ways you can help the children of such families feel at home and welcome in your community. For example, include songs or stories from their countries in your Christmas program. Ask them to help in JRC service projects.

Caroling

IF YOUR JRC council goes caroling, either on Christmas Eve or on Christmas morning, here are a few suggestions:

- (1) Select three or four carols and learn them well.
- (2) Secure a list of shut-ins from your JRC chairman and have an itinerary planned.
- (3) When you arrive at a home, be very quiet. Let the first sound that is heard be the music in the air. Call out a "Merry Christmas!" and slip away quietly.

Santa's helpers

For hospitals in your community send Christmas greens or other decorations, such as:

Miniature Yule log centerpieces or tray decorations hollowed out to hold sprigs of berries and cones. Christmas cut-outs to be stuck in cake, toast, or dry cereal.

Miniature Christmas trees made of green paper cones and set on pencil or lollipop standards in painted spoons.

Games like "Pin the Whiskers on Santa Claus."

Tiny pine cones painted in red, gilt, or silver, tied with a saucy red bow for tree or lapel decorations.

Christmas posters

WHEN JRC members of Washington County Chapter (Greenville, Miss.) heard that the bloodmobile was to visit their chapter last December, they got busy and made a number of fine posters which were exhibited in the stores of their town. Some of the clever slogans were:

*BLOOD, the best Christmas gift
Gifts are swell but blood is better
Save a life this Christmas—give blood to the Red Cross
Santa says give blood!*

Our readers write

CHILDREN in Meadow School (Huntington, West Virginia) write that they "love to read the NEWS and look forward to getting it each month." They especially like the poetry pages.

Among many poems sent from this school is one by Ann Langfitt entitled "Wintertime":

*In wintertime the weather is snappy
And that makes everybody happy.
We jump out of bed to see if it's snowing
Or if that is just the wind that is blowing.
Whatever the weather, dress warm and cozy
So old Jack Frost won't bite off your nose.*

After Christmas

TAKE your Christmas tree outside in the schoolyard and make a tree for the birds. Hang suet and bread crusts on the tree. The birds will flock to the tree because they cannot find food in the snow.

Our Junior Red Cross Christmas

**We trim our Christmas tree
with all kinds of services
for others. . .**



▲ WE PACK gift boxes for boys and girls in other lands. (South Pinellas County Chapter, St. Petersburg, Fla.)



P. A. JOHNSON

▲ WE SING Christmas carols at a home for old folks. (Ettrick School, Chesterfield County, Va.)



RICHARD STUDIO

WE WRAP gay Christmas gifts for hospitalized and needy children. (Jason Lee Junior High, Tacoma, Wash.) ➤

Tree



▲ WE PLAY Santa Claus for shut-in children by making soft toys for them. (William S. Baer School Baltimore, Md.)



PUBLICITY PHOTOGRAPHERS

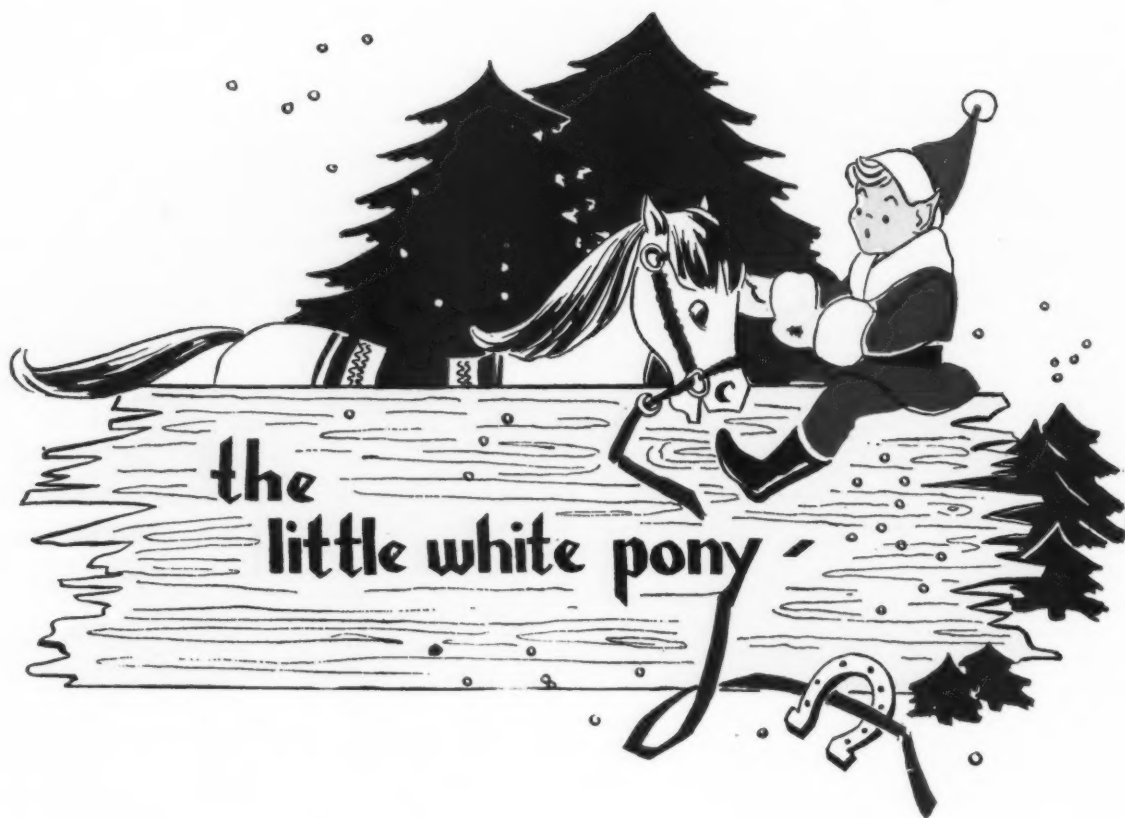
WE DESIGN and make ▲ Christmas toys in our shop classes for children in hospitals. (Mark Twain Junior High, Brooklyn, N. Y.)



LEW NICHOLS PHOTO

▲ WE ASSEMBLE 1200 tray favors made for the veterans hospital by our classmates throughout the city. (Elementary school JRC council, Santa Monica, Calif.)

◀ WE DECORATE the patients' mess hall at Tripler Army Hospital so men who can't be home for Christmas will know they're not forgotten. (Elementary and high schools of Honolulu, Hawaii.)



RUTH EVERDING LIBBEY

Illustrated by Virginia Lautz

**and how he helped
Mrs. Santa Claus
at Christmas time . . .**

"I WISH I could help too," sighed the little white pony.

It was almost Christmas time and everyone at Santa Claus Farm was extra busy.

"I should think you'd be glad to rest in the winter time," said the handy-elf. "You do more than your share of work the rest of the year."

"Yes," smiled the little white pony, "in the summer while the reindeer rest I am pretty busy. I take Mrs. Santa Claus and the kitchen-elves out to the woods in my

red wagon. They pick buckets and buckets of wild strawberries."

"What does Mrs. Santa Claus need so many berries for?" asked the handy-elf.

"Oh, she and the kitchen-elves make hundreds of jars of Christmas jam."

"Then you take them nutting in the autumn," said the handy-elf. "I've wondered what Mrs. Santa Claus does with all those nuts."

"Have you forgotten that Santa Claus needs hundreds and hundreds of nuts to

drop in the children's stockings. I mean the ones hanging up for him to fill," laughed the little white pony. "Then of course Mrs. Santa Claus uses many, many nuts in her fancy Christmas cookies."

"Cookies! That reminds me why I came out to the barn," said the handy-elf. "Mrs. Santa Claus thought you would know where the tinsmith-elf could be found."

"I don't understand what the tinsmith-elf would have to do with cookies," said the little white pony.

"Well," answered the handy-elf, "Mrs. Santa Claus says she is getting tired of making cookies that look like moons, stars, and gingerbread boys. Year after year she uses a moon, star, and gingerbread-boy cookie-cutter. This Christmas she wants the tinsmith-elf to make her a brand new cookie-cutter."

"She does, does she?" snapped the tinsmith-elf as he jumped down out of the hayloft. "Why didn't she think of that when I wasn't so busy putting shiny, tin buttons on the harnesses of the reindeer? You go back and tell her that she will have to wait until next year."

"Oh, that's too bad," sighed the handy-elf. "Because Mrs. Santa Claus had set her heart on surprising everyone with horseshoe cookies. She says that a horseshoe means good luck! And she wants people all over the world to have a lot of good luck this Christmas."

"Well, I just haven't time to do it," grumbled the tinsmith-elf.

"I have an idea!" said the little white pony. "Tinsmith-elf, you are so clever that I'm sure you could turn my silver horseshoes into cookie-cutters. I'd be so happy to give them to Mrs. Santa Claus. Then I'd be helping at Christmas time, too."

"Say, that is a fine idea," chuckled the tinsmith-elf. "I could fit some tin strips around your little shoes in a jiffy."

The handy-elf helped the pony take off his silver shoes. And in a very short time the tinsmith-elf had four beautiful horseshoe cookie-cutters finished.

Mrs. Santa Claus and her kitchen-helpers rolled out yards and yards of cooky dough. Then they cut out hundreds and hundreds of the cutest horseshoe cookies. They sprinkled silver-sparkle candies on the top of each good luck cooky.

"These are the most beautiful Christmas cookies we ever made," smiled Mrs. Santa Claus as she slid the first pan out of the oven.

As soon as they were cool enough to eat she took a whole dozen of them out to the little white pony.



Mrs. Santa Claus and her kitchen-helpers cut out hundreds and hundreds of horseshoe cookies.

"Dear little pony," she whispered as she patted him, "I want to thank you for giving me your silver shoes. You surely had a wonderful idea. And the day after Christmas the tinsmith-elf is going to make you another set of silver horseshoes."

"There is no hurry," said the little white pony, as he munched the last horseshoe cooky on the tray. "I'm very happy that I could help, too, at Christmas time."

HANS and ST. NICHOLAS



▲ At first, many of the children rested their heads on their hands, like this little girl, as they waited for St. Nicholas.

MORE THAN anything else Hans wanted to see St. Nicholas.

He and his friends lived in a refugee camp in Stuttgart, Germany. They didn't know whether St. Nicholas would find them there or not.

But the German Junior Red Cross were good helpers of St. Nicholas. They invited Hans and his friends to a big holiday party.

When all the children were seated at the long tables waiting for refreshments, they were told that St. Nicholas would come. They were so excited, they could hardly wait.

They kept turning their heads toward the door where St. Nicholas was expected to enter.

Hans was the most excited one of all.

At last St. Nicholas appeared, dressed in his long red robe and his fur-trimmed hood.

Hans couldn't wait until St. Nicholas got to his table. Suddenly before the other children knew what was happening, Hans jumped up on his chair. Then in a loud voice he began telling St. Nicholas all the things he wanted for Christmas.

This made all the children smile.

But Hans was happiest of all. He had seen St. Nicholas, and he had talked to him.



◀ Then they began looking over to the corner, where St. Nicholas was supposed to appear.



Little folks picture story

PHOTOS FROM AMERICAN RED CROSS



◀ Some of the children began biting their fingernails in excitement.



◀ Hans turned his head to watch St. Nicholas come toward his table, greeting each boy and girl.



Hans waited as long as he could, but before St. Nicholas reached him, Hans stood in his chair and told what he wanted for Christmas! ➤





When the children came down on Christmas morning, there was Sandy sitting on some red paper, licking his lips. ➤



SANDY'S CHRISTMAS CANDY

CATHERINE WOOLLEY

Illustrated by
Beth H. Krush

SANDY was a brown dog. He had no home. Wag, wag went Sandy's tail, looking for a home.

He was always hungry. Sniff, sniff went Sandy's nose, looking for some dinner.

Sometimes he found a bone in the garbage, all wrapped up.

"Sniff," said Sandy's nose. "Something smells delicious!"

He unwrapped the bone and ate it up.

One day Sandy came to the house where Sally, Jimmy, Betsy, their mother and daddy lived.

Sandy was delighted.

He kissed Sally. He kissed Jimmy. He kissed Betsy.

He wanted to kiss Mother. Mother said, "I do not wish to be kissed by dogs!"

Sally and Jimmy and Betsy said, "Can he stay here?"

Mother said, "Goodness, no!"

Mother said, "*Well*. . . ."

Mother said, "Would you be a good dog?"

Sandy wagged his tail.

Mother said, "All right, *if* you're a good dog."

Sandy was so happy he kissed everyone again and rolled over so they'd scratch his stomach.

One day Mother brought home some lamb chops. She left them on the kitchen table.

"Sniff," said Sandy's nose. "Something smells delicious!"

He forgot he had had a good dinner.

Sally went into the kitchen. There was Sandy sitting on some wrapping paper, licking his lips.

"Oh!" Sally gasped.

"Oh!" Mother gasped. "That dog has eaten the lamb chops! Off he goes!"

Sandy's ears drooped. He was terribly ashamed.

Sally said, "He didn't mean to!"

Jimmy said, "He feels so bad!"

Betsy said, "I didn't want any lamb chops, anyway!"

"Well," Mother said, "it's my fault for leaving lamb chops around. But if you eat another lamb chop, Sandy, out you go!"

One day Mother brought a box of cream puffs from the store. She left the box on the table.

"Sniff," said Sandy's nose. "Something smells delicious!"

He forgot he had had a good dinner.

Jimmy went into the kitchen. There was

When Sandy smelled the lamb chops on the table, he forgot he had had a good dinner. ➤



Sandy sitting on the box from the bakery, licking his lips.

"Sandy!" cried Jimmy.

"You bad dog!" cried Mother. "This time you're going!"

Sandy hid his face in his paws. He felt awful.

Sally cried, "I'll pay for the cream puffs."

Jimmy cried, "So will I."

Betsy said, "I don't mind if Sandy ate my cream puff!"

"I'll give him one more chance," said Mother.

Soon Christmas was coming.

Mother said, "Children, what would you like for Christmas?"

Sally said, "I'd like a bike."

Jimmy said, "I'd like a tool chest."

Betsy said, "I'd like a dolly."

Sandy thumped his tail.

Mother said, "What would Sandy like? Some candy?"

Sandy said, "Woof!"

"If you don't eat any lamb chops or cream puffs, you may have some," said Mother.

CHRISTMAS EVE the mailman brought a big box. It was from Aunt Ruth. Mother put the box under the Christmas tree.

Christmas morning Sally, Jimmy, and Betsy rushed downstairs.

Sally cried, "Here is my bike!"

Jimmy shouted, "Here is my tool chest!"

Betsy said, "Here is my new dolly!"

And there was Sandy sitting on some red paper, licking his lips.

Aunt Ruth's box was open. There were more packages wrapped in red paper in the box.

"Oh!" Sally whispered. "Sandy unwrapped a present!"

"Oh!" Jimmy whispered. "Sandy ate up a present!"

"Oh, Sandy!" Betsy whispered, ready to cry. "Mother will make you go away."

Sandy's tail drooped way down.

They all whispered, "What shall we do?"

Sally said, "Let's look at Aunt Ruth's

WORDS

I am careful of the words I use,
To keep them soft and sweet,
I never know from day to day,
Which ones I'll have to eat!

WAYNE INGRAM
Sunset School
Selah, Washington

presents and see whose present he ate. If he ate mine, I don't mind."

Jimmy said, "If he ate mine, I don't mind."

Betsy said, "I don't care if he ate my present up!"

They looked at the presents in Aunt Ruth's box.

"One for Betsy," Sally said.

"One for Sally," Betsy said.

Jimmy said, "One for me."

Sally said, "One for Daddy."

Jimmy said, "One for Mother."

They looked at each other. Whose present had Sandy eaten?

Sally cried, "He must have eaten his own present! He's sitting on a card."

The card said, "To Sandy."

Just then Mother and Daddy came down.

The telephone rang. It was Aunt Ruth to say Merry Christmas.

"Aunt Ruth!" Sally cried into the phone.

"Sandy ate his present up. What was Sandy's Christmas present, Aunt Ruth?"

"A candy Santa Claus," said Aunt Ruth.

They all said Merry Christmas to Aunt Ruth.

"Mother," Sally said, "you *told* Sandy he could have some candy for Christmas!"

Jimmy said, "He had a right to eat his own present."

Betsy said, "He was smart to know it was his present."

"So does he have to go away?" Sally said.

Mother looked at Sandy. Sandy thumped his tail.

"Oh well," said Mother, "after all, it's Christmas."

"Merry Christmas, Sandy!" said Mother.



Austrian Junior Red Cross

I SERVE—

I wish to be good and to do good,
I want to change sorrow into joy and
laughter.

Let my sunshine be for all peoples.
May Christmas joy prevail wherever I go
and take part.
I want to help my neighbor!

This beautiful poster (translated above) was printed by the Austrian Junior Red Cross on a multilith machine furnished by the National Children's Fund of the American Junior Red Cross.



Tulsmith
Wülping

